UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Freedom of Conscience - - - - - - - - - *Haridas T. Muzumdar*

What Is Life Worth Living *For* ? - - - - - - - - - *A. Powell Davies*

What Is Success? - *Royal Wilbur France*

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Birthday Present to Nehru

November 14, 1940, was Jawaharlal Nehru's fifty-first birthday. And this was his ninth day in jail, where he is serving a four year sentence at hard labour, for defying the British ban on preaching pacifism in India. Gandhi selected him and Vinod Bhave for this test. Bhave received three months for precisely the same offense. But then, the authorities have always been partial to Nehru in such matters. He has passed many a birthday in jail before.

The Nehrus are one of the most distinguished Brahmin families in India. From the days of the Moghuls down they have always occupied exalted official positions. They have been great scholars of Arabic and Persian. During the British regime they have excelled at the bar. Motilal Nehru was one of the foremost lawyers of his day. Later, under Gandhi's leadership, the Nehrus threw themselves into the cause with all the abandon of marytrs. They sacrificed their all, positions, comfort, wealth and health. Motilal ruined his health in ceaseless work and repeated jail terms, and died in 1930. Jawaharlal's mother was once the victim of police *lathi* blows. She is gone. Kamala, Jawaharlal's wife, a frail little woman, persisted in following in her husband's footsteps, thus using up her slender strength, and died still in her thirties. India honoured them during their lifetime, and reveres their memories now. Of the survivors, Jawaharlal's sister, Provincial Minister of Local Self Government of U. P. in the Congress ministry, ranks now foremost among the women of India. Indira, his only daughter, may be in the political arena any day now. And Jawaharlal's own services and sacrifices are legends. Of such stuff are the Nehrus made.

Undisputably the most popular figure in India after Gandhi is Jawaharlal Nehru. A product of Harrow and Cambridge, he gave up a life of luxury and a promising legal career at the call of his country. Over seven years he has already spent in Indian jails, often in solitary cells, for his beliefs. He was only forty when first elected president of the Indian National Congress. Twice since then he has held this office, the highest unofficial India can offer. Once again he was asked by Gandhi to take the reins for a fourth time, but he declined. He is the chairman of the War Emergency Board that steers Nationalist India's course in these critical days; chairman of the National Planning Board engaged in directing India's industrial development. He has often presided over the conferences of the Indian Princes' subjects seeking democratic rights. In the Nationalist movement Nehru serves as a link between the Right and the Left. He enjoys the confidence of both.

Few in our age have spoken so eloquently for real democracy, both economic and political, as has Nehru. And very few have assailed aggression anywhere, by anyone, as has he. For him, Naziism, Fascism and imperialism are all three enemies of a free society and of a new world order. To loyalist Spain in anguish,

(*Continued on page* 144)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXXVI MONDAY, JANUARY 6, 1941 No. 9

FEAR NOT!

"I say, Fear not! Life still
Leaves human effort scope.
But, since life teems with ill,
Nurse no extravagant hope.
Because thou must not dream,
Thou need'st not then despair."
MATTHEWS ARNOLD, in *Empedocles on Etna.*

THE FAMOUS DEAD IN 1940

Who will be longest remembered among the famous dead of 1940? Undoubtedly LEON TROTSKY, a great man in his own right, and associated forever with one of the supreme events of modern history—the Russian Revolution. Also, as undoubtedly, NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, not so much a great man as a somewhat ordinary man inextricably joined with tremendous turns in human destiny. The premier who signed the Munich Pact and led Britain into the Second World War is not likely to be forgotten. To these we would add, perhaps, two other names, SIR OLIVER LODGE, a scientist of supreme achievement in an age when science was supreme; and the American poet, EDWIN MARKHAM, whose "The Man with the Hoe" will be read as long as the English tongue is spoken!

In classifying the famous dead of this past year, we find difficulties in the case of names which shine in several fields of human achievement. Here is JOHN BUCHAN, for example—shall we list him as a novelist and historian, or as Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada? Then there is HERBERT A. L. FISHER, author, educator, parliamentarian, and minister of the Crown. GLENN FRANK was versatile and multifarious—author, orator, political leader, Editor of the *Century,* and President of the University of Wisconsin. ROBERT GRANT was a novelist, a jurist, and a member of the notorious Sacco-Vanzetti Committee. DR. WILLIAM E. DODD was an able historian, and later Ambassador to Nazi Germany. JOHN E. FINLEY was more distinguished as an educator than he was as Editor of the New York *Times.*

Among all the dead of 1940, politicians and statesmen are the most numerous. In Europe, we note the passing of PRESIDENT KALLIO, of Finland, and PRESIDENT MOTTA, of Switzerland; DR. ALFRED ZIMMERMANN, author of the notorious "Zimmermann Note" which figured so largely in the last war; LORD LOTHIAN, British ambassador in Washington; ROBERT SMILIE and GEORGE M. BARNES, English labor leaders; and GEORGE LANSBURY, English labor leader, pacifist, internationalist, and saint. In Japan passed PRINCE SAIONJI, last of the Elder Statesmen of the Mikado. In our own country, SENATOR WILLIAM E. BORAH heads the list; followed by WILLIAM B. BANKHEAD, Speaker of the House of Representatives; SENATOR KEY PITTMAN; SENATOR ERNEST LUNDEEN; EX-SENATOR JONATHAN BOURNE; Ex-Secretary of the Interior, CHARLES NAGEL; Ex-Secretary of the Treasury, DAVID B. HOUSTON; EX-GOVERNOR CHARLES S. DENEEN, of Illinois; GOVERNOR KOHLER, of Wisconsin, and GOVERNOR WILLIAM HORNER, of Illinois; EX-MAYOR OLE HANSON, of Seattle, and EX-MAYOR GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, of New York; GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, cabinet minister and businessman; RAYMOND V. INGERSOLL, Borough President of Brooklyn; LEWIS NIXON, Tammany Hall leader, and BECKMAN WINTHROP.

Literature had many losses in 1940. Most conspicuous was SELMA LAGERLOF, Nobel Prize winner. In England died HUMBERT WOLFE, poet; WILLIAM H. DAVIES, famous Welsh poet; E. F. BENSON, novelist; and MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE, novelist. America mourns HAMLIN GARLAND, poet and critic of the Middle Border; F. SCOTT FITZGERALD, novelist; JOHN B. WHEELWRIGHT, poet; DU BOSE HEYWARD and ALEXANDER BLACK, novelists; V. F. CALVERTON, historian and essayist; KATHERINE MAYO, sensational author of *Mother India;* THOMAS BEER, biographer and historian; COURTNEY RILEY COOPER, journalist-author; and E. L. THAYER, author of *Casey at the Bat.* To these may be added A. EDWARD NEWTON, bibliophile; and J. B. LIPPINCOTT and CHARLES E. BLOCH, publishers.

Akin to literature is journalism, where the following must now be listed as missing: WEBB MILLER, ROBERT DELL, and RALPH A. BARNES, foreign correspondents; LORD ROTHERMERE, English newspaper magnate; and VICTOR ROSEWATER, American editor.

Religion has a shorter list of dead than for several years past. Chief among them all is CHARLES F. ANDREWS, beloved friend of Gandhi, and saint in his

own right. Two great Roman Catholics must be named—FATHER ALFRED LOISY, so notable in the pre-war modernist controversy, and CARDINAL JEAN VERDIER, of Paris, relentless foe of Fascism. In our own country died BISHOP G. C. STEWART, CANON WILLIAM SHEAFE CHASE, and DR. ELWOOD WORCESTER, of Emmanuel Movement fame, in the Episcopal Church; MARK MATTHEWS, JAMES FREEMAN, and HARLAN GEORGE MENDENTHALL, of the Presbyterian Church; RICHARD L. SWAIN and GEORGE D. EGBERT, of the Congregational Church; MALCOLM J. MACLEOD, Dutch Reformed; CHRISTIAN F. REISNER, Methodist; HERMAN C. HERRING, Christian Scientist; and BALLINGTON BOOTH, of the Salvation Army.

Closely akin to religion are philanthropy and reform. Here, among the dead of 1940, we note the great and revered names of LILLIAN D. WALD, DR. WILFRED GRENFELL, ELLEN STARR, and HARRIET STANTON BLATCH. Heroic in stature and invincible in heart was EMMA GOLDMAN. FREDERIC C. HOWE'S tireless labors for reform dated back to the Tom Johnson days in Cleveland, and EDWARD HARKNESS was a bountiful benefactor.

The theatre mourns the unforgettable MARY ANDERSON and the brilliant MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL. MAXINE ELLIOTT, IRENE BENTLEY, MARGUERITE CLARKE, were other notable women of the stage. Among actors, we note WILLIAM FAVERSHAM, WALTER CONNOLLY, E. E. CLIVE, and CHARLES RICHMOND; BEN TURPIN and TOM MIX were movie stars; MARTIN BECK and PHILIP GOODMAN notable theatrical producers.

Music is close to the drama. Here have passed the great conductor, KARL MUCK, of Boston Symphony Orchestra fame, and his lesser colleague on the podium, ARNOLD VOLPE; the great soprano, LOUISE TETRAZZINI, and her lesser colleague, EMMA NEVADA; the great tenor, ALESANDRO BONCI; the incomparable ballerina, ROSINA GALLI; the great violinist, JAN KUBELICK; the Metropolitan impresario, GUILO GATTI-CASAZZA; and the great singer and teacher of singers, MADAME BLANCHE MARCHESI.

And next to music, art! Here have passed the American painters, F. LUIS MORA, JAMES MYERS, ERNEST PEIXOTTO, and FREDERICK JUDD WAUGH; and the art expert and connoisseur, ROBERT MACBETH.

In the dead of 1940 in the world of science are distinguished names. SIR PATRICK PLAYFAIR LAIDLAW, for example, the discoverer of influenza germs, and JULIUS WAGNER-JAUREGG, a Nobel Prize winner in recognition of his paresis cure. SIR J. J. THOMSON was one of the greatest physicists of his time. DR. S. ADOLPHUS KNOPF was the outstanding tuberculosis authority in this country for many years, and DR. HANS ZINSSER a beloved physician and accomplished author. DR. JAMES KEELEY was the famous founder of the Keeley cure for alcoholism.

In the field of education and scholarship we must record the death in England of JOHN A. HOBSON, economist; and, in this country, of F. W. TAUSSIG, Harvard economist; HENRY R. MUSSEY, sociologist, F. G. E. WOODBRIDGE, philosopher, and RICHARD BURTON, in literature. To these must be added such well-known school and college presidents as FREDERICK W. HAMILTON, of Tufts College, CHARLES A. RICHMOND, of Union College, GUY W. BAILEY, of the University of Vermont, and ROBERT R. MOTON, of Tuskegee.

Certain distinguished military men died this past year. Chief among them all was Air-Marshal ITALO BALBO, of Italy. In England, SIR MICHAEL O'DWYER was burdened with the odium of Amritsar fame. In our own country passed GEN. SMEDLEY D. BUTLER, of the Marines, and GEN. WILLIAM GRAVES, of the U. S. Army.

SAMUEL UNTERMYER was one of the greatest lawyers of modern times. Famous colleagues in the law were PAUL D. CRAVATH and MAX D. STEUER.

And now must follow the usual miscellaneous list: RUFUS CUTLER DAWES, President of the "Century of Progress" Fair in Chicago; GEORGE M. REYNOLDS, Chicago banker; DR. CYRUS ADLER and VLADIMIR JABOTINSKY, world-famous Jewish leaders; CAPTAIN SIR ARTHUR HENRY ROSTRON, commander of the *Carpathia*, the rescue-ship in the *Titanic* tragedy; WALTER CHRYSLER, automobile manufacturer; EDWARD MICHELIN, French tire manufacturer; the DUKE OF BEDFORD, English nobleman; the DUC DE GUISE, French pretender; MRS. A. CONAN DOYLE, famous wife of a famous husband; MARCUS GARVEY, Negro leader; EFFIE I. C. CARLTON, composer of "Rock-a-bye Baby"; KATHI SCHRATT, mistress of the late Austrian Emperor, Franz Joseph; "BILLY" HAMILTON, baseball star; "KID" MCCOY, pugilist; and MRS. WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT, society leader.

JOURNALISTIC CASUALTIES OF 1940

The above lists of names remind us of another list—the names of a remarkable group of journalists who have suffered disaster during this past year. The mortality among writers and reporters, as the New York *Call* has pointed out, has become amazing and alarming. Thus, some months ago one of the most distinguished and influential of all contemporary journalists, Oswald Garrison Villard, former owner and editor of the *Nation*, found life on that paper impossible, and withdrew from his position as contributing editor. At about the same time, Harry Elmer Barnes, distinguished scholar and author, and in recent years columnist of the Scripps-Howard chain of so-called liberal newspapers, was dismissed from his position. The good work went on with the "purging" of Dorothy

Dunbar Bromley and Ernest Meyers from the New York *Post,* an ardent Rooseveltian paper, with an ambition to be the outstanding exponent of left-wing liberalism in the metropolis. The change of ownership of *PM,* new afternoon newspaper in New York, was followed by the dismissal or withdrawal of not a few of the best members of the staff. More recently came the expulsion of John T. Flynn, brilliant economist and author, from the *New Republic.* If we examine these names in the light of the record, it is inevitable to note that most of them are pacifists or near-pacifists, and all of them anti-interventionists. They are all opposed to the present trends toward war, and therefore opposed to the present policies of the administration. They want America to stay at peace, and say so with vigor and authority. As the war fever mounted, their attitude became more and more distasteful to the proprietors of journals, even the *Nation* and the *New Republic,* who were hot for the Battle for Britain, and so, one after another, they had to go. There is no reason to believe that we have reached the end of these casualties. Our newspapers and magazines are competing with our colleges and universities for leadership in the campaign for war. It will be interesting to see what pacifist or anti-interventionist editor will be the next to go.

ENGLAND AGAIN!

Following hard upon our editorial, "The Miracle of England" (in the last issue of UNITY, page 116), in which we paid warm tribute to the Kingdom for her amazing fidelity to democratic principles of civil rights, as well as justice tempered with moderation and even mercy, there comes now disturbing news. Is it possible that old England, after an heroic record of the maintenance of the rights of man through a full year of desperate war, is at last going to falter? It's a bad sign, if it be true! But here in a dispatch from London comes report of a determined movement to ban a public meeting announced to be held in Manchester on January 11th and 12th next, to be known as the People's Convention, which proposes among other things to appeal to the government for "a people's peace" and friendship with Russia. This meeting, we are told, has the support not merely of Communists, but also of "some labor groups." If the situation is anything like what it is in this country, we haven't a doubt in the world that the Communists are behind the meeting, with laborites as their dupes, but even so we should regret to see England put on the lid. Why not discussion as freely outside of Parliament as within? Then there is the sudden and wholly unexpected report of bad treatment of conscientious objectors (see story published in our "On the Pacifist Front" column!). England has been exemplary in her treatment of conscientious objectors. After a full year of battle to the death, she has been more just and merciful than we have been after only a few weeks of conscription in peacetime. Can it be possible that this record is going to be broken? Lastly, at this same time, comes the announcement that a Mrs. Dorothy O'Grady, an English housewife, has been convicted of spying and condemned to death. We will assume that this unfortunate woman is guilty, though her offenses as listed in the dispatch seem not exactly monstrous. But the shooting of a woman in London makes us cringe as much as the shooting of a woman in Berlin. If in this and other matters England should suddenly become cruel, we should understand. England is terribly beset these days, and her human nature is much like other human nature. But, for very love of her, we would be sorry.

Jottings

Of all the great rulers of the world, we see but one who celebrated Christmas in the spirit of Christianity. A six-month free subscription to UNITY will be given to the first reader who guesses correctly the name of this ruler, which will be published in this place in the next issue (January 20th).

"Liberty is the price of modern war, not its dividend."
Alan Gregg, M. D.

If anybody has said more than this inside the telegraphic limit of ten words, we have not seen it.

"What's in a name?" asked Shakespeare. The government seems to have found an answer in ordering deported the Princess Stefanie Hohenlohe Waldenburg Schillingsfurst.

Postal service across the seas has in many cases ended as between nations, and is becoming increasingly difficult within each separate nation. A member of the English House of Commons announced the other day that he was finding it quicker to post his letters to the Isle of Man by air mail *via* South America than by direct inland surface mail.

Nofrontier News Service reports that the old and famous University of Copenhagen has been closed—for lack of coal for heating during the winter! Well, one excuse serves as well as another to explain the blight that falls upon every land ruled by the Nazis.

"The isles of Greece! The isles of Greece! Where burning Sappho wept and sung."
And where raging Mussolini weeps and swears.

J. H. H.

Freedom of Conscience

HARIDAS T. MUZUMDAR*

The conscientious objector to war has made the headlines and the editorial columns of our metropolitan press from coast to coast. Indeed, he has even made the newsreels. The remarkable thing about it all is that in the movie houses the screen presentation of the conscientious objectors and their statement opposing war has not been booed, to the knowledge of the present writer or of any of his many friends. This is a significant index to the temper of contemporary American society. And it is a tribute to American journalism that stories covering the trial, on the 14th of November, 1940, of eight divinity students from Union Theological Seminary, New York City, for non-participation in the selective service draft registration, were written without tendentious bias. The next day's editorials on the "Matter of Conscience" in the metropolitan press of New York breathed a commendable spirit of tolerance and charity.

The conscientious objectors have by their action raised a fundamental issue: the issue of conscience versus the State, of soul force versus brute force.

The implications of conscientious objection to war and the role of the conscientious objector in our modern world society have been dealt with by me in letters discussing the November 15th editorials of the New York *Times* and the New York *Herald Tribune,* dealing with the trial of the eight divinity students in New York City. These editorials are included here, together with my letters to the editors, with the hope that the two discussions will throw a clearer light upon the nature of the State and the obligations of citizenship.

A Matter of Conscience

The eight young men who were sentenced yesterday by Federal Judge Mandelbaum to a year and a day in prison for refusing to register for the draft are certainly not criminals. In one sense the law which gives them the treatment accorded peddlers of forbidden narcotics, cheap misusers of the mails, income tax liars, and similar undesirable citizens is stupid. Unfortunately, we have no special places of confinement for those whose consciences tell them to disregard a law. Unfortunately, too, we cannot defend this nation if obedience to the Selective Service Act is optional. About as far as it is possible to go is to offer non-combatant service to those who conscientiously believe that war is always wrong. The young men in question might have had this indulgence, but they refused even to register. The court had no other recourse than to sentence them.

It was evident that Judge Mandelbaum profoundly regretted the necessity. So must every other citizen who respects the private conscience. Yet these honest young men ought to bear in mind that the liberty of decision which they asked for themselves does not exist in the captive countries of Europe and will not exist here if we are not prepared to defend it by armed force. If they had been allowed to go free their freedom would have been maintained for them by men of their own age who did not ask exemption. What justice would there be in that?

These cases are sad. We do not think that they are as sad as submission to a Nazi regime in this hemisphere, nor as important as the immediate necessity to provide comfortable and healthful housing for the men who have answered the call to go to camp.

—New York *Times,* November 15, 1940.

To the Editor of The New York *Times:*

Permit me to congratulate you upon your sober editorial on "A Matter of Conscience" dealing with the sad and regrettable necessity for Judge Mandelbaum to sentence to a year and a day the eight young men from the Union Theological Seminary. The spirit of tolerance and charity pervading the entire editorial is commendable. But I am afraid the issue of conscience versus the State, of soul force versus brute force, has not been sharply defined.

The conscientious objector to war, to be worthy of the name, must respect the right and sincerity of those who believe in upholding their cause, whatever it may be, by a resort to violence and by preparation for an armed conflict. It is precisely because the conscientious objector cherishes the inherent value of freedom of conscience that he is willing to bear his witness to it by inviting upon himself the highest penalty the State can inflict upon him for violation of a law which conflicts with his own conscience.

The conscientious objector to war believes in the philosophy of soul force, of truth force, of love force, of *Satyagraha*—you may choose any of these names for the gospel preached by and incarnated in the person of Mahatma Gandhi. And what, pray, is the basic motivation behind the philosophy of soul force?

To begin with, soul force postulates that violence proceeds from an error of judgment; that continued shelter under the structure of violence embodied in the war system tends to lower the dignity of man, to corrupt his soul, and to jeopardize freedom of conscience; that the State is the highest embodiment of force—of *Danda,* of the Hindu political scientists. The dilemma of human living is that man cannot live except in groups and that group life is impossible except under the aegis of a state machinery. And since the State is an embodiment of force, yes, of naked brute force, man—let us say, the citizen—must exercise eternal vigilance to prevent the State from assuming its true and logical nature which is best approximated in our day by the totalitarian concepts of State and warfare.

The conscientious objector and the pacifist should not be thought of as being derelict in their obligations of citizenship; rather must they be recognized as the true sentinels of freedom of conscience and of democracy. Reliance upon brute force comes easily and naturally to the State; it is the duty of every citizen to see to it that the punitive brute force of the State is constantly transmuted and transformed into regulative police force and normative judicial arbitrament. The integrity of group life rests upon a minimum of punitive force used by the State toward its citizens and that, too, in cases of gross and violent deviations from the norms of the group. In other words, within the nation the State prefers the use of police powers and the judicial machinery to violence, militarism, and "war." But in its dealings with other nations the State still relies upon brute force, upon war, as the most useful arbiter, and in some cases as the sole arbiter, for the settlement of disputes.

The philosophy of soul force advocates that we extend the intranational pattern for the settlement of disputes to international relationships. To the believer in soul force the white-skinned German is as good a

*Author of *Gandhi the Apostle,* 1923; *Gandhi Versus the Empire,* 1932; and *Gandhi Triumphant: The Inside Story of the Historic Fast,* 1939.—*Editor.*

human being and as worthy of respect as is the white-skinned Englishman, as is the yellow-skinned Japanese, as is the dark-skinned African, as is the brown-skinned Hindu. He loves all the children of God. I do not know what the churches of Christ would have to say about such a strange doctrine; but to me, an Oriental and a Hindu, it appears that the gentle Teacher of Galilee would be happy to have within His embrace such humble creatures as the eight divinity students who have voluntarily invited upon themselves the discipline of suffering—and the mark of the criminal—to the end that they and their nation may be purified and mankind redeemed.

HARIDAS T. MUZUMDAR.

An Example of Civil Disobedience

The sentencing of eight divinity students to a year and a day in the Federal penitentiary for refusal to register under the Selective Service Act is the necessary—if unpleasant—result of what the great majority of Americans must consider a vain and wrongheaded gesture on the part of the young men concerned. It is not necessary to question the sincerity of the students or even to appraise the rights and wrongs of conscientious objection in order to reach this conclusion. The Selective Service Act made every concession to the consciences of America's youth. Itself a product of the democratic system, it allowed great latitude to sincere dissenters. In refusing to comply with the elementary requirement of allowing their names to be placed on the lists, the students went out of their way to bring themselves within the penalties of the law.

Doubtless they would argue either that this course has dramatized their opposition to war and all its works, or that any submission to the machinery of the act, however formal, was to bow in the house of Rimmon. But these motives, in their turn, bring up the whole dilemma of civil disobedience—at what point is individual rejection of the acts of a state reduced to absurdity? Thoreau and Bronson Alcott refused to pay poll taxes because the United States government recognized slavery, and Thoreau carried his rejection of the State to the extent of sojourning at Walden Pond in an isolation that did not, however, carry him very far from the Emerson kitchen. Whether this course contributed perceptibly to the onset of emancipation, and what adjustments Thoreau made between his conscience and the State at the expiration of his stay at Walden are difficult to determine. But the logical upshot of any theory of conduct such as Thoreau expressed, and the divinity students have carried into practice—namely, individual adherence to a set of laws which contradict those of the community as a whole—is anarchy. And the State has no recourse when confronted by such manifestations, but to exercise its police powers. A breach of the law may be no less detrimental to the common interest when committed from the highest motives than when actuated by the lowest.

New York *Herald Tribune*, November 15, 1940.

To the Editor of the New York *Herald Tribune:*

You deserve to be congratulated upon the spirit with which you approached your task in the editorial entitled "An Example of Civil Disobedience," November 15, 1940. Within the frame of reference which you accept, your position is entirely correct. But I wonder if one is not entitled to have for oneself another frame of reference. The dilemma that confronted Thoreau is very real. If he paid the poll tax to the United States Government of the day which had not positively uprooted slavery, then he was becoming an accomplice of that government in the maintenance of slavery; if, on the other hand, he did not pay his taxes, then the benefits of community life derivable from the existence of a governmental machinery would be denied to him. And yet, since no man can live unto himself, willy-nilly, Thoreau was a recipient of the benefits conferred upon every citizen by the government of the land. By failing to pay taxes to the government whose benefits he was enjoying, Thoreau would be failing in his duty as a citizen. Thus we see that Thoreau's problem was a very real and serious one. He resolved the dilemma by doing precisely what all intelligent people do—by compromising on non-essentials without betraying his convictions or principles. As our good friends, the British, would say, life is a series of compromises. The question is: When does a compromise spell repudiation of principle and when is it a necessary tool for the realization of the principles one holds dear? For an answer keep your eyes glued to India; watch the travail of the soul of Mahatma Gandhi who wants to help British democracy but refuses to be an accomplice in the maintenance of the British Empire.

You state: "The logical upshot . . . of individual adherence to a set of laws which contradict those of the community as a whole is anarchy." I do not agree with this premise even though I do agree with the corollary you deduce therefrom, that the State is justified in exercising police powers against a breach of law even "when committed from the highest motives."

The crux of the question is: Does individual or group adherence to a set of laws at variance with those of the larger community necessarily lead to anarchy? I maintain, yes, under some conditions; no, under others.

When the code of ethics of an individual or a group within a larger community is calculated to undermine the foundations of stable government, the governmental authorities are justified in invoking police powers and judicial sentences without stint. Thus did the Roman Empire persecute the Christians who had a set of laws at variance with those of the State, most especially with the whole notion of emperor-worship which was the cornerstone of the Roman Empire. We must admit that the ancient Roman State had a right to persecute and was justified in persecuting the non-conforming Christian sect. But we are happily witnesses to the fact that the persecuted Christian Church rose in power and affluence while the Roman Empire crumbled to the dust.

If we accept your premise that the State has a right to persecute non-conformist opinion and stop there, then the rise of the Christian Church was a colossal mistake of history. Now I am sure you do not believe any such foolishness. Which means you do grant the right of Christian individuals and groups to "adhere to a set of laws which contradict those of the community as a whole." Nor, I am sure, would you maintain that "the logical upshot" of that historic fact has been "anarchy."

The outlines of the frame of reference I accept are plainly visible. We must accept, on the one hand, the right of the State to "persecute" those who threaten its stability or its existence; and, on the other hand, we must accept the right of individuals and groups to cherish opinions, convictions, and ideals that would assuage the rigors of harshness inherent in the soulless, steam-roller machinery of the State. Happily the individual's right to cherish non-conformist opinions and to abide by a set of laws at variance with those of the State is not dependent upon the consent of editorial writers. It is a "natural right," if one may hark back to the Declaration of Independence.

There are many ways in which one may act to minimize the rigors of the State as experienced by oneself or by one's group: (1) By currying favor with a politician; (2) by allying oneself with an efficient political machine which can deliver the goods; (3) by securing

legislation through the creation of public opinion, through the education of Congressmen and Senators, through the organization of a pressure group to lobby in Washington; (4) by getting, if possible, a favorable interpretation of the Supreme Court; (5) by "warring" against the State by stealthy violation of its laws and getting off scot-free, that is to say, by racketeering; (6) by openly defying the authority of the State by indulging in acts of brigandage, violent crime, et cetera, and trying to evade the consequences for such anti-social acts; that is to say, by criminal violation of State law; (7) by openly violating such laws and acts of the government as are inconsistent with one's conception of right and moral values, and joyfully inviting the consequences for such breaches of the law as one may have been compelled by the inner light to undertake; that is to say by civil disobedience.

Of the seven methods listed above of alleviating the rigors of the State, the first four are held to be thoroughly respectable and constitutional. The fifth one, namely, racketeering, makes a pretense of operating within the framework of legality and constitutionality but it is the most dangerous, the most sinister, the most corrosive element within any society. Indeed, I would prefer the "dishonest" criminal to the "honest" racketeer. But, of course, my highest esteem is reserved for the votary of civil disobedience, who operates within the legal framework in order to modify the State machinery in part or *in toto*.

To describe the implications of civil disobedience, one must draw upon the experiences of contemporary India, especially the writings and thoughts of Mahatma Gandhi. Parenthetically, I am amazed and shocked to discover that an American editorial writer can write a whole editorial on civil disobedience without once mentioning the name of Mahatma Gandhi! You did well in referring to Thoreau, the apostle of civil disobedience. You could have avoided many pitfalls in your thinking on civil disobedience and its implications if you had carefully studied the experiences of Gandhi, the Hindu barrister, in whose hands Thoreau's teachings have become the most revolutionary, the most vital, the most civil technique for social change. To interpret civil disobedience one is compelled to refer to Gandhi.

Civil disobedience can be best understood in terms of civil resistance or Satyagraha—literally, holding fast to truth—and Ahimsa, i. e., non-violence and love. These alternative terms and concepts developed by Gandhi are serviceable in the full understanding of Thoreau and his technique.

Civil resistance is exactly what the term implies: it is resistance to wrong but it is a civil or non-violent resistance. The author of the "wrong" may be a fellow man, a group, the whole of society, or the State—or another nation or a combination of nations. To the Satyagrahist—i. e., to the follower of Satyagraha, or soul force, or truth force, or love force, or civil disobedience, or civil resistance, or non-violent resistance—"wrong" is that which his conscience and judgment tell him is wrong. His one unfailing criterion is the light from within, the dictates of conscience. Since he sees some of the best brains and some of the most righteous men of his generation pitted against his judgment of right and wrong, the Satyagrahist humbly and patiently and meditatively compares the dictates of his conscience with the sayings and experiences of his generation and of past generations. Only after prayerful meditation has convinced him of the validity of his stand does the Satyagrahist go about the task of geting converts to his viewpoint. Even then he always keeps an open mind, lest what he has believed to be right may after all be not right. He is constantly "experimenting with truth," testing the validity of his honestly cherished convictions and faith. And since he respects other people's right to have and cherish their own convictions and faith, the Satyagrahist does not feel impelled to thrust down other people's throats his own convictions and faith. For himself he must bear witness before the whole world to his convictions and faith, always reserving to himself the right to change his views if ever better light should be vouchsafed to him. Under no circumstances is he to dream of a violent crusade for the universal acceptance of his "truth," of his faith. Such is the Satyagrahist's way of life.

Civil resistance is the last, not the first, step to be undertaken by the Satyagrahist in the series of exploratory acts when a crisis is brewing. Thus, for instance, the civil resister is quite willing to resort to legislative and judicial processes—methods three and four listed above—for the consummation of his ends. In the face of a compelling crisis, failure to attain his ends by the two constitutional methods obliges the Satyagrahist to resort to method number seven, namely, civil disobedience.

Failure to comply with the selective service draft registration on the part of the eight divinity students from Union Theological Seminary, New York City, was the result of deliberate thought and prayerful meditation. The conscientious objector to war is ahead of his time, but that only increases his obligation to bear witness to his faith. Today we are all conscientious objectors to war when it comes to a "war" between the State of New York and the State of New Jersey. Indeed, we have seen to it that the right to make war and peace and the right to maintain armaments independently do not exist for the forty-eight states in the Union. And we would readily brand as a traitor anyone who advocated war between any state and its neighbor—who even so much as whispered the desirability of war among the constituent elements of this nation. And the same thought holds good for every nation. But we do not brand as a traitor one who advocates and promotes and carries on war between nations. Indeed, we glorify as heroes those who "promote" war—The Defend America by Aiding the Allies Committee. And I daresay the Germans must be glorifying the Soviet Russians who have, so to say, formed a committee of the whole to Defend the Soviet Union by Aiding the Third Reich! I am trying to show up the absurdity of good will tarnished with violence.

The Satyagrahist, the pacifist, the conscientious objector to war—all these live for the day when war between nations will be as impossible and unthinkable as it is today between the constituent elements of a nation—between, say, the states in the American nation. The votary of soul force stands for a reinterpretation of this common world of ours—the nations of the world, the "component" parts of the world, should be viewed as the "constituent" elements of this our common humanity, to the end that wars will be impossible among the constituent elements of the whole. The Satyagrahist pleads for an extension of the "in-group" or "we-group" feeling to embrace all the peoples of the world, white, dark, brown, yellow, and red. He is working for the day when narrow, exclusive nationalism will be

considered as ill-mannered as narrow, exclusive provincialism is considered today. He is working for the day when the achievements of any of the "constituent" elements of humanity—i. e., of any nation—will be considered a common heritage of all mankind and will afford emotional satisfaction and pride to men and women living beyond the confines of that particular nation.

When all is said and done, this is not a very strange doctrine. It is a subconscious part of our daily experience. Shakespeare was born in England, Goethe in Germany, Rousseau in France, Emerson and Thoreau in America—none of them was born in the land of my birth, India. Must I deny myself the pleasure and enlightenment these great thinkers of mankind can afford me simply because they were not born in India? No, Mr. Chauvinist; a thousand times no, Mr. Militarist. Indeed, Mr. Editor, your own experience must lead you to say, a million times no! Otherwise, how could you derive emotional satisfaction and spiritual exaltation from the teachings and life of a humble Son of the Orient, from a little country called Palestine?

The conscientious objector to war in our day serves as a catalyst in our world society exactly as did the Christian in the society of the Roman Empire. May his tribe increase and multiply! And may you and others like you in a position to mold public opinion become converted to the vision of a warless world, with peace on earth and good will among men!

HARIDAS T. MUZUMDAR.

What Is Life Worth Living *For*?

A. POWELL DAVIES*

All other living creatures on this planet, so far as human observation can discover, take their lives for granted—except man. He alone is forced to wonder what it was that brought or sent him here and why. He alone asks what it is the living process tends towards and what it means to live.

Of course, there have been those who, after considering the question, have come to the conclusion that it would be well for man to live as much as possible like the other animals, from moment to moment, without conscious purpose and without concern, taking life as it comes. Whatever may be the merit or otherwise of this recommendation it is a waste of time to discuss it, for it is impossible to put it into effect. Temporarily and superficially, it can be attempted; if the conditions are very favorable, there may even be a modicum of brief success. But conditions never remain favorable. At the present time, they are so far from favorable that living in a carefree, animal way would be possible only to the altogether secluded or the definitely feeble-minded. Only of the mentally defective can it sometimes be said that "all their thoughts are happy ones" —happy in the sense of freedom from concern.

And that brings us to the true beginning of the whole matter. Life below the level of man is scarcely conscious of itself: it asks no questions, for it is not aware of anything to be questioned; it merely lives. At the human level, however, life has become intellectually aware of itself. It *knows* it is alive, it tries to understand itself, to give itself deliberate guidance, to make observations and draw inferences, to comprehend meanings and assess values, and to shape itself accordingly. Nor is this in any sense a voluntary process. Mentality is as much a biological determinant as the prehensile human hand, and both must be accepted, together with their powers and limitations, for exactly what they are. It is useless for a man to say "I will not think." He *will* think. He can no more stop thinking than he can stop breathing. His only choice in the one case is how well he will breathe and what kind of air, and in the other, how well he will think and what sort of thought. If he represses some of his thinking, forcing it below the level of consciousness, it will avenge itself by deranging his mind; and this it will do in all degrees, according to the nature and violence of the repression, from relatively harmless varieties of neuroticism right down to stark insanity. In any case, more or less unfitness for effective living is inevitably produced. We can no more escape the consequences of impeding the functions of our minds than we can in the case of our bodies.

All this being so, when we ask what life is worth living for, we are not asking a question which we are free either to take up or lay down. We are asking a question from which there is no escape. Perhaps you think it is avoided by putting it out of mind, by refusing to focus attention upon it. Nothing is farther from the truth. When it is not dealt with openly and plainly, it merely retreats to the mental hinterland but such a retreat never means quiescence; on the contrary, it means what we might call in today's vocabulary, "subversive activity"—the mind at war against itself. I am not going to stop to prove it in psychological categories, though that would be exceedingly easy; the proof of it is so evident today that no one can seriously doubt the assertion. Troubled, anxious minds are everywhere—the minds of men and women who are trying to run away from reality and from themselves; a fever runs through all their thinking and vacillation, and uncertainty robs them of confidence in everything they do. It is better, therefore, to face the question openly and, if necessary, frequently, and try to find the answer. For the degree in which we find the answer is the degree in which we find effective life.

Whenever we face the problem plainly, however, there is something which immediately arrests our attention—perhaps in a rather disturbing way. It is the feeling that human intelligence not only distinguishes true and false when we try to find the meaning of life, but that it also discriminates between good and evil, between better and worse. Try as we will, and most of us try pretty hard some of the time, we cannot get away from this. It has always interested me to notice how Sigmund Freud, the cold-blooded clinical psychologist, tried to get away from it. Conscience, he said—and of course, conscience is the word we use for this feeling about right and wrong or better and worse—conscience, he said, has grown up out of a system of primitive taboos. He was quite right: it has. Furthermore, he went on, the taboos are not fixed or final in the least: they change. He was right again: they do change. Conscience, therefore, is not any one thing,

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fixed or final, he continued, and so it ought to be possible to explain it away, to reduce it to terms of its origin and development, and so to dissolve it.

He set himself this very task, only to admit his failure. For anything on earth can be reduced to terms of its origin and development, if our knowledge suffices, but that does not mean the thing explained will disappear. Man himself is a thing of origins and development but man remains what he is, nonetheless. His explanations of himself, of what he came from and of his evolution, affect him, of course, mold his mind to some extent, even become part of what, mentally, he is: but man remains man just the same. Genuine facts can never be explained away. And conscience is a genuine fact. That is what Freud was forced to admit. He tested it clinically, tried to get rid of it, thought it might be a good thing sometimes if he *could* get rid of it—but in spite of everything it remained.

I have been looking about for the most restrained and in that sense the least religious description of this fact that I could find. For I want my thesis to depend on nothing which anyone has to strain his credulity to believe. I have found such a description quoted from Professor Warner Fite's book, *Moral Philosophy*. This is what he says:

> Morality I have defined . . . as the self-conscious living of life, more bluntly as knowing what you are doing and, therefore, for me, morality is intelligence. As a believer in intelligence, I believe in analysis without end. I believe in looking a gift horse in the mouth, in letting your right hand know what your left hand is doing, and in letting no false respect for persons forbid an intimate analysis of motives, of your friend, your wife, your child, or your grandmother. . . [And I think he might have added, yourself!]

Well, there you have it: letting your right hand know what your left hand is doing. Coming to grips with the realities as you live them and making judgments upon them. Knowing yourself, your outlook, your motives, your behavior, in all their consequences—knowing them for what they are. And from that knowledge, benefitting.

But, you may say, is this precisely on the question? Yes, it is, and very precisely! Life is not something outside ourselves; life is what we are living. And this business of right and wrong, of better and worse, is intimately bound up with all our thinking. In my judgment, stronger today as to this matter than ever before, it is completely useless to try to understand what life is worth living *for*, unless we bring to the question minds that have learned to make a candid reckoning with right and wrong. What is the use of grasping the question with our right hand if our left hand is covering up the answer?

Let us get to close grips with this before we go a step farther. A conventional sermon on this subject would set up a number of things that men have often regarded as the object of living—money, or pleasure, or popularity. Then the sermon would proceed to show that none of these things is what life is worth living for at all. The minister and the congregation would both feel that they were living for something better than these things and the feeling would uplift them, at least for a few hours. Then they would all go back and live for the same old things just the same, the money people for money, the pleasure people for pleasure, the popularity people for popularity, and so forth. In short, everyone would have been most agreeably deceived by the simple process of not letting their churchgoing right hand know what their everyday left hand did. Now, I have already shown that this is not only immoral but also unintelligent. Professor Fite would say that this is *not* the self-conscious living of life. It is self-deception. It is pushing realities that are very important into the backs of our minds and giving them the maximum opportunity to wreck our lives. When the world is as dangerous as it is today, that opportunity is vastly increased—so much so that even the most reluctant persons are beginning to face the truth—some of them.

Let us get this even clearer. We will suppose that the thing life is worth living for is the good we can do, the service of humanity. This is only part of the truth but inasmuch as many people have often regarded it as the whole truth—intellectually, that is to say—for the moment we will let it serve. Now in this connection, a famous American, whom even his enemies regarded as having a remarkably free and unbiased mind, once made an experiment. The experiment was made in the city of Boston, the civic leaders of which wanted the city reformed. The man they asked to undertake it was Lincoln Steffens. If you want to read the very interesting story of this experiment, you cannot do better than look it up in Mr. Steffens' autobiography. All we can do here is to note the result. What was it? Mr. Steffens was astounded to discover that there was very little difficulty in getting the racketeers and the corrupt political bosses to help; once they believed the thing might really be done, without pretense, without covering things up, without hypocrisy, they were in favor of it. But the good citizens, even the very citizens who had wanted the reform in the first place, when they understood what had to be done, absolutely refused to do it. They refused to believe in it. They could not see why their own special privileges in obtaining city contracts, et cetera, should be interfered with. This was true of business men, trade union leaders, professional men, and all sorts of interested people. They did not associate *themselves* with corruption. They did not recognize that the gangsters and the political bosses were the counterparts—and the inevitable counterparts—of their own more legal activities. A few reformers—Mr. Edward Filene, for one—did recognize it and understood the realities. But most entirely failed to grasp them.

And so Lincoln Steffens comes to this remarkable conclusion: that there is hope for a man who does wrong, knowing that he does wrong, who sees it clearly with open-eyed intelligence, *even if he goes on doing it!* But there is nothing but frustration—bitter frustration—for the man who tries to convince himself that wrong is right. Furthermore, says Mr. Steffens, the man who does what he does, knowing that some of what he does is wrong, will in the end make a greater contribution to the general welfare than the pious man who deceives himself! When I first read Mr. Steffens' conclusions, some years ago, I was revolted by them, for his realism seemed almost diabolical at times. Today, I find them unanswerable.

Perhaps you think this is a long way from religion as you have known it. That is what I also thought. We are both wrong. It is all in the New Testament. Why did Jesus say that publicans and sinners had a better chance of getting into the Kingdom of God than Scribes and Pharisees? It could only have been because experience taught him that such was the fact. We should remember that the Scribes and Pharisees were good

people—much better people than you were taught to believe when you heard about them in Sunday School. They were so good that modern New Testament scholarship, on discovering the truth about them, has frequently declared that Jesus was inexplicably harsh in condemning them. On the other hand, who were the "publicans and sinners"? The publicans were corrupt tax-gatherers—"grafters"; and the word "sinners" is in the feminine gender! These were people who *knew* that they were not good people and made no pretense about it. Perhaps the explanation of Jesus' attitude is plainer in one of the most famous of his parables—the story of two men who went down to the temple to pray. One thanked his God that he was a good man and the other said "God be merciful to me, a sinner." Only one of them got anywhere, says Jesus: the one who knew the truth and faced it. The other man stultified himself before he began.

Where have we arrived so far then? At this: that no one will know what life is worth living for, until he gets his own life straightened out in his own mind, not only in gentle terms of true and false but also in rigorous terms of right and wrong, of better and worse; and he must see this, not in terms of himself as though he were an island-personality, separate, with no relation to his fellow men. He must see himself in the world of all mankind, one of many, part of the whole. He must see himself in his dependence upon others and in the context of his obligations.

And now we are ready to ask our question more directly. What is life worth living *for?* Is it for what we can get? For material gain? How hollow the very question sounds when we *really* ask it! Life lived for this object is doomed to ceaseless torment. We have heard it said, over and over again; I wonder why it is we do not believe it. There never was a man who made riches the goal of his life who was not either inwardly withered by his success or spiritually poisoned by his failure. And in either case, all his life through, he has been afraid, afraid, afraid. Afraid of what money cannot buy, of what cannot be expressed in money terms, suspicious of it, fearful of it, afraid of loss, afraid of those from whom the money came, afraid of men and circumstances likely to take it away. And afraid to die! It is an odd fact, but well understood by psychologists, that the love of money and the fear of death are generally proportionate in their intensity.

But what is true of this is equally true of all similar pursuits. Yet what we do is to hear these things and then to push them to the backs of our minds. We shall never learn what life is worth living for until we look them plainly in the face. The desire for gain is *not* what life is worth living for. By its very nature, it cannot be. It is first defeat, then the pretense that no defeat has taken place, then compensation for defeat, clinging desperately to a substitute for actual living. All this was always so. Today, it is more emphatically true than ever. For this is an object less and less secure. The whole world is full of the evidence. If we cannot live a life while we make a living, let us at least make a living for the purpose of living a life. Otherwise, even if no disaster intervenes, a day will come, or a night, when we will look back, and our hearts will contract from very emptiness while the conscience we thought we had banished reveals the dreary truth in a blazing, blinding light. . . . Some of us know about this for we have been with people at the time!

It is the same with other things. There is no need to mention them all. Let me rather try to say what life *is* worth living for: first, at any time; and, secondly, at a time like this.

First, let me speak of gentler things. Life is worth living for the joy of understanding it. The open-minded and the open-hearted go from day to day, unafraid to learn, using their own lives exploratively. Before long, they do not take themselves too seriously, or when they do, they promptly recognize the fact and comprehend it with a grimace. They learn the uses of laughter—laughter that is never bitter because it is never pent-up. What they cannot hold on to, they let go. What *is* so, they admit to be so. This takes them close to realities. They know perfectly well that they are miserable sinners but they do not spend their lives clothing their self-pity with sackcloth and ashes. They take it as blithely as they can, when they can, but honestly doing the best they can to put right in the place of wrong, and the better in place of the worse, even at cost to themselves. They learn after awhile that a great deal that ambition used to make important, does not seriously matter. Yet they are serious people and, fundamentally, purpose is what holds their lives together—genuine purpose, honest purpose, free from hypocrisy, and free from conceit.

Life is also worth living for what it brings of other people, for honest friendships, for all the precious texture of human relationships. We learn a little from books; but most of what we learn, we learn from living; and for the most part, that means from other people. Nor does it only mean people we like and whose personalities are full of congenial interest to us. Life is worth living for the people we *do not* like. If we only learn to understand the people who reflect our own minds and respond to our own moods, we shall be exceedingly limited in spite of our learning. There is a lot to be gained from what a friend of mine calls "abrasive contacts"! If I may paraphrase an old couplet, "a little friction now and then, is useful to the best of men." To learn to understand people you do not much care for, is like a voyage to a foreign land: it has its inconveniences but it broadens the mind. And in all this, never pretend you are being noble, or making a sacrifice; you are not. You are having a good time! And do not congratulate yourself merely because you have grown up a little. Mental adolescence is nothing to be proud of—especially when it comes late! Take it in your stride!

There is a contribution also from the people who do not like *us*. They may "have a little something" there, you know! I got an idea from Bernard Shaw many years ago which has been quite useful to me in this respect. I have on file, some in my office and some at home, a number of letters from people who do not like me. Whenever I get a bit tired of myself or disgusted at some aberration, some folly, some stupidity—which is all too often—I get hold of some of those letters and read them. And it does me a world of good! We can learn a lot from those who insist upon being more or less our enemies. This is true not only of people, it is true of misfortune, too. And we need not get sombre about it. No matter how bad things get, there is always a flash of comedy just around the corner—almost always, anyway! And when there is not—well, a man

can throw his head back and keep his eyes steady and no one has to tell him what his life is worth living for: the courage in his own heart, coming he knows not whence and taking him he knows not whither, is nevertheless full of the answer. Life is worth living for the chance of discovering its quality; for the knowing of it! for the power of it! for the joy of it! for the hurt of it! for the song of it! for the cry of it! for all that makes and mars and mends it!

We could say more of this. We could say that life is worth living for the honest service we can render to honest purposes—service to our fellows and for the betterment of all. But we must remember before we finish that we are not living at any ordinary time. We are living at a time when the very ground seems to be slipping from under our feet: a time of fears, of anxious forebodings, of calamities and threatenings. We cannot live as though it were an ordinary time. And that is just it! *Why do we try?* We cannot possibly succeed.

It is of no use attempting to live as though this were Queen Elizabeth's time, or Queen Victoria's time, or Grover Cleveland's time, or Calvin Coolidge's time, or any other time whatever. Those times are all gone—definitely. It is of no use thinking we can do just as we hoped to do when we started out, ten, fifteen, twenty or more years ago. None of us can do it. It is rather heartbreaking at times, but if we are going to do any living at all, this is the world we have to do it in. What is life worth living for? Just one thing, supremely, at the present time. We are free to do that one thing or to do nothing. We can live in and for that one thing or drift into frustration and defeat. Life is worth living for the faith we have in the future—the future we are determined to mold out of the struggling present. Life is worth living for finding out how to do it. Life is worth living for the grim realities we accept—accept without reserve because we must accept them if we are ever to emerge beyond them; worth living because those realities are the challenge which will bring forth the best we have, the best of which we are capable. And life is worth living because very soon there is going to be a time when it will be more difficult to be selfish, harder to deceive ourselves, almost impossible to keep our right hand from knowing what our left hand is doing; a time when all that hurts the life of man will be out in the open, impossible to disguise. For some nations, this is already so. For us, too, the time draws near. If we shrink, we will defeat not only our ideals, our wider purposes—we will also defeat ourselves, our homes, our families, and all that is personally dearest to us. That is what has already happened—elsewhere—to those who shrank from the challenge they could not bring themselves to face.

Whoever is not dedicated to the cause of humanity today has no cause at all. Whoever can live his life only in the world that is crumbling, will die with that world, together with everything he stands for. And until he does, he will retreat from discouragement to desolation, from anxiety to despair, step by step, backwards always, until there is no further back he can go. This is not a judgment upon him, an apportioning of blame—it simply *is* so.

On the other hand, whoever is freely committed to the cause of a better world, more just, more truly a commonwealth, a brotherhood of man—committed with all he is and all he has—will find himself less anxious, increasingly free from fear. His will swiftly come to be a cause more glorious than any the world has known before. He will be thinking, not of himself but out from himself, finding the truth in the real, and matching it with the truth in the ideal. He will fasten his thought upon the enduring and reach through his mind to the future beyond the struggle. His life will be full to overflowing and what is in his heart, nothing can take away.

Furthermore, he will see what the nearsightedness of his earlier hopes, centered in self, had kept him blind to: the majesty of purpose in the mystery of life. And he will know, not as a problem to be solved, but as a presence to commune with, the fuller life from which he came, in which he lives, to which at last he goes; the life that drew him from the dust of earth and gave him breath, that put a light in his mind to find his way by, that sent him forth with the chance to grow a soul. That is what life is worth living for: to serve a purpose so great that, in its service, men must grow a soul. For the beginning of the matter is man set free from himself, the progress of the matter is man in the service of his fellows, and the end of it is man at one with God.

What Is Success?

ROYAL WILBUR FRANCE*

When Dean Nance asked me to speak to you this morning, my first thought was that I would discuss the failure and threatening collapse of our civilization—the failure of the Christian nations of the world to have faith enough in the teachings of Jesus to be willing to put them to the test, the failure of our churches, of our educational institutions, in short of ourselves.

On second thought I did not feel adequate to the task. Perhaps the issues are too conflicting, our minds too confused, our hearts too sore, our emotions too close to the surface for calm, clear thinking about the causes and issues of this war. If I were to speak of the brave, good hearted people of Germany, of their organizing ability, of their skill in science and the arts, of their terrible sufferings during the first World War and after the peace of Versailles, which was no peace, some one would go from this place thinking that I had condoned Hitler's mean persecutions of Jews and radicals or the ruthless aggressions of German military might against innocent peoples.

If I were to speak of the gallant heart of England, of her great contributions to the cause of human liberty, of the good humor, tolerance, and good common sense of her people, some one might think that I do not know, for instance, that the slums of England's cities are cesspools of poverty, filth, and disease, the most disgraceful in the world, and that the course of British Empire toward helpless peoples has been ruthless and bloody.

If I were to say, to go no further back than March 4, 1917, that the foreign policy of the United States

*An address delivered in Rollins College Chapel. Dr. France is a member of the Rollins College faculty.—*Editor.*

has been based upon a complete misconception of the causes of war in the modern world and an utter disregard of the principles of the Sermon on the Mount, and that before we try to remove the motes from the eyes of Europe and Asia, we might do well to consider the beams of poverty in the midst of plenty, unemployment, slums, class, and racial antagonism in our own, some one might not know that I love America with a deep and abiding love and that despite our faults I would rather be right here in beautiful Winter Park, in the land of the comparatively free and the physically if not morally brave, than in any other place in this distracted world.

So, feeling inadequate to the task of giving you in fifteen minutes a great, prophetic message on how to save civilization, I have set myself the simpler task of asking what is success for each one of us, in the hope that the answer to the question may also provide a clue as to what would be success for our nation and our world.

I saw recently a motion picture entitled *Our Town*. It portrayed typical New England folks in a typical New England village. I am going to tell you about two men in my town, in the hope that the contrast in their lives may constitute a parable which will say what I want to say. They have both been dead long enough so that they may take their places in history without anyone's feelings being hurt.

A doctor gets to know a good deal about his patients besides the state of their health, and a lawyer learns many things about his clients besides the state of their finances. I started to practice law in partnership with the County Judge in a small city in western New York. The richest man in our town was Philander Mott. He had been born and raised in a poor family. In a small community some people are poor and a few are dirt poor. The Motts were dirt poor. They lived in a miserable shack outside of town. It was said that in his boyhood Philander never had a decent pair of shoes to wear to school and that his pants were all patches. Privation makes some people tough and strong. It makes others hard. It made Philander Mott grasping and hard. When he grew to young manhood, he asked the daughter of a prosperous farmer to be his wife. Her father said, "If you marry into that Mott trash, I'll disown you." Mott said, "You marry me and I'll be a richer man than your father ever dreamed of being." She married him and Philander proved to be right. He had one of those shrewd, grasping, tricky minds that is able to turn opportunities into gold.

The first time that I saw him, he had come to our office to keep an appointment with a farmer who had written asking for an extension of time to pay the interest on his mortgage. In my mind's eye, I can see the two men now. Philander Mott, short, thick-set, wearing a dirty grey flannel shirt, his trousers tucked into the top of a pair of nicked leather boots, his stubby, hairy hands clenched into fists, and eyeing the farmer with a look of scorn. The farmer, twisted with rheumatism, was looking at him with fear in his eyes. "Mr. Mott," he said, "I've had a tough winter. I've been sick and the woman's been sick and I can't pay that interest on the first of April, but if you'll give me a little time I think I'll pull through."

With a coarse oath, Mr. Mott replied, "What do you think I am, a charitable institution? You have that interest money here on April first or that mortgage will be foreclosed." And foreclosed it was. That was Philander Mott. He was the richest man in Ontario County. But in terms of friends made, in terms of his ability to see and enjoy the beauties of this world, in terms of knowing the joy of serving some other human being, he was the poorest man I have ever known. He died worth several millions of dollars but he had never earned even the love of his own children.

Frank Beecher owned a coal and lumber yard. He was a kindly, unassuming, generous man—the kind of man you could go to for a word of advice or encouragement or even for actual help if he was in a position to give it. He was not a religious man in the conventional sense. He used to say that he did not know much about God and Heaven, but that if there were a Heaven he did not think there was enough difference between good folks and bad folks but what we would all probably manage to get there. If there were any families so poor that they went without heat during the winter because they had no coal it must have been because he did not know about it, because he was generous to a fault and his wife used to say laughingly that she found it hard to keep Frank in overcoats because he always seemed to find somebody who needed a coat worse than he did. But he was no milk-and-water saint. He loved fishing and sailing and just being with folks. One of his eccentricities was that he was Chairman of the Democratic County Committee when every one knew that nearly all the respectable people in our county were Republicans, but people forgave Frank for being a Democrat because he was such a good fellow. As he grew older he found it increasingly difficult to press people to pay their bills, and his wife persuaded him to sell the business. He inserted an advertisement in a Rochester paper, and a stranger to our town answered it. He asked Frank how much he wanted for the business. Frank said he did not know and that he would rather the prospective buyer would go down with whatever experts he wanted and look it over and make an offer. A short time later the man met Frank in our office. He had with him a rather detailed offer: so much for the land, so much for the buildings, so much for the coal in the east bin, so much for the coal in the west bin, so much for the lumber and so on. Frank looked the offer over. "Well, this looks to me pretty near right," he said, "but there's one item that I don't think is quite right." "What's that?" asked the prospective buyer suspiciously. "Well," Frank replied, "that coal in the east bin looks all right but it doesn't burn right. If you'll take a thousand dollars off this offer on account of that poor coal I think I'd like to accept it." That was Frank Beecher. We see dimly in the present what is small and what is great, but when Frank Beecher died and we began to tell each other of this little kindness he had done and that, we realized that a great soul had gone out from among us.

The great Teacher said, "He who would be great among you let him become your servant." He also said, "He that seeketh his life selfishly shall lose it. He that loseth his life for the sake of my cause of brotherhood shall gain it." Robert Louis Stevenson said, "Service is the thing, active service, and the religious man is he who finds the joy of duty. To lose the joy is to lose all." Anyone who has seen President Holt going about his work must have noticed that he finds joy in serving this college and that does not neces-

sarily mean that every decision is correct, every moment pleasant or every task agreeable.

There is a negro worker on the Rollins campus who always goes about his work with a sunny smile. The other evening in one of the negro churches, I attended the performance of a play that he had written. Judged by Broadway standards, the play was not a huge success, but judged by the author's desire to serve and by the pleasure of that particular audience, it was a hit.

It does not always have to be some big thing. There are stores to which I go in Winter Park where the merchants always give me the feeling, quite apart from the money involved, that they enjoy doing me a service. Life is a good deal like an automobile journey. We have to learn to stick to our road, enjoy the riding when the going is smooth and not to become too impatient at stop lights, detours, road-under-repair signs or even road hogs.

We see dimly in the present what is small and what is great. A poor painter from Vienna, by rousing the fears, the intolerances and the hatreds of his people and by appealing to force to right wrongs, has become the head of a great nation and is now over-riding a continent. A poor carpenter from Nazareth, who spoke chiefly of love, of understanding, of tolerance, of kindness, and of brotherhood, and who rejected the arbitrament of force utterly, was unable even to save his own life. He was executed as a common criminal. But in the verdict of history which of these men will be a failure and which a shining success?

On the Pacifist Front

[UNITY will publish from time to time, under this heading, such news as can be gathered about pacifists and pacifist activities in these war days. We earnestly invite our readers to send us such items of interest as may come to their attention.—*Editor.*]

XXIX

The Associated Press carries the following story from London, England:

The British Broadcasting Corporation, announcing cancellation of a scheduled Wednesday broadcast by the famous Glasgow Orpheus Choir founded and conducted by Sir Hugh Roberton, gave a statement to the Press Association today asserting that the cancellation was made because of Sir Hugh's alleged pacifist views.

"The B. B. C. does not in time of war invite to the microphone any one publicly known to be opposed to the national war effort," the statement said. "As Sir Hugh Roberton has reaffirmed the views he has publicly expressed on this subject, the B. B. C. could not invite him to appear with the Orpheus Choir."

The B. B. C. is a government monopoly.

Sir Hugh, 66, has been identified with the Labor movement and was a friend of Ramsay MacDonald.

Fellowship, the organ of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, publishes this item of news:

The Dayton, Ohio, Draft Board has asked the local F.O.R. committee to appoint a minister, as C.O. adviser, for each of the 15 surrounding draft districts.

E. Stanley Jones, the famous Christian missionary in India, friend of Gandhi, author of *The Christ of the Indian Road,* has written and published the following letter to the Fellowship of Reconciliation:

Although I do not readily join organizations—I am not the joiner type—nevertheless I joined the Fellowship of Reconciliation on my arrival in America recently because:

1. When I saw that so many were slipping from their pacifist stand through the impact of the war news and propaganda, I decided I needed all the outer bolstering I could get to help hold me to my declared convictions.

2. The name and spirit of the Fellowship of Reconciliation seemed to me to offer the best medium I knew for that expression. I agree with a high churchman who said to me: "I find more real fellowship in the Fellowship of Reconciliation than I do in my church—loyal high churchman that I am." The Fellowship of Reconciliation is a fellowship of quietly determined people who, without blare of trumpets, have decided they can take only one attitude toward war—renounce it. Their quiet simplicity of purpose impresses me. They are the terrible meek.

3. But they not only renounce war, they are bent on the purpose of reconciliation. They have a positive aggression of love as well as a renunciation of evil. They would reconcile by doing away with the causes of war before war comes by just treatment of every one, even potential or actual foes. When war comes they will refuse to hate and will keep the torch of good will aloft amid the surrounding gloom of ill will. And when war is over they will be ready to heal the wounds that hate and force have made.

4. I joined the Fellowship because, at this juncture, one cannot be equivocal. If you believe in war you must believe in it and act up to its full implications. As a Christian I cannot. It violates all my Christian convictions. The alternative is to renounce it. There is no halfway measure morally possible. So I renounce it and declare that I do so by joining this Fellowship.

Nofrontier News Service publishes the following:

Humane and liberal-minded British citizens have been shocked to discover that in one camp for conscientious objectors at least, namely, the one at Dingle Vale, treatment has been handed out to war resisters almost as brutal as methods used in Nazi concentration camps. It would be unfair to say that these conditions are typical or that they are approved by army officers in general. The War Office is carrying on an inquiry and many sections of public opinion have been outraged by the reports that have been coming in from observers and from complaints by the victims themselves, whose grievances are expressed in strikingly explicit terms which carry every appearance of truth. In the present war, as in the last, much depends, apparently, upon the officers in direct charge of specific camps. The conscientious objectors who refuse all service relating to the prosecution of the war are among those who are naturally most difficult for the military mind to understand, since for reasons of conscience they have refused prescribed forms of non-combatant service. Yet every war produces cases of this kind, and they are recognized by most investigators to be fully as sincere as those who accept alternative service, if not even more so.

The cases now under investigation by the War Office occurred in a Liverpool camp known as Dingle Vale to which the resisters were sent. The deliberate policy seems to have been to reduce the conscientious objector to such a condition of physical weakness and misery that he could not hold out till the court-martial to which he was entitled. "After two days at B ——," one of them writes, "where I was put on a bread and water diet for disobeying orders, I was brought to Liverpool by an armed escort. I was immediately put into solitary confinement, again on bread and water, by the corporal of police. This is against Army law. Dingle Vale is a concentration camp for objectors on the best Nazi model. Most of the people when they arrived were taken on the parade ground, made to drill, and knocked about. In solitary confinement they were not allowed to sleep, being wakened every hour or so to be marched around in bare feet or beaten up. My cell was small, without light, ventilation, or any sanitary arrangement.

"After the first night I couldn't walk straight when I was taken out for a wash. This went on until one gave in. It is, of course, against Army law, and I wanted to get before the C.O. in order to get him to send me before a court-martial. He came to see me. I did not get the option of a

court-martial. He told me I was to stay there until I gave in. I had another visitor later. I don't know how he managed it ——XY, a lad who was in my year at A——. He told me that they had had 400 objectors there and everyone had given in, in the end. He had seen the treatment given to some of them and gave me full details. Once when he had been on guard he had had to go to a cell with the sergeant of police, and had watched him pick an objector up and knock him down again until he gave in. It is hard treatment to stand up to on a bread and water diet and solitary confinement.

"It is horribly bitter to have tried and failed. It is even worse to know that one is powerless. If one disobeys orders one is beaten up till one gives in or goes to hospital. If hospital, one recovers and is sent back to solitary confinement and so on. It isn't even slow death. My only consolation is that we are non-combatant and don't have to kill. I wouldn't have believed such a system could occur in England."

The Associated Press publishes the following from Hartford, Connecticut:

Four men, including a young married clergyman, were sentenced to varying terms in the Danbury penitentiary today when they pleaded guilty to charges of refusal to register under the Selective Service Act.

Judge Carroll C. Hincks in United States District Court sentenced Robin Rae, of North Stonington, Connecticut, the son of an artist, and Charles Swift, of Center, Colorado, a senior at Yale University, to one year in the penitentiary.

The Reverend William H. Clark, of Hartford, twenty-nine-year-old father of a young daughter, and James P. Alter, of India, a student in the Yale Divinity School, received sentences of three months each. Each of the four had stated previously that he refused to register because of conscientious objections.

Judge Hincks said he gave shorter terms to Clark and Alter because as divinity students they would have been exempt under the Selective Service Act. He termed the attitude of all four "anti-social" and a "stupendous conceit."

United States Attorney Robert P. Butler told Judge Hincks he had done everything in his power to persuade them to register.

Clark has a week-end parish in Massachusetts and studies at the Hartford Theological Seminary during the week. Alter's father is a missionary in India.

The Associated Press sends the following dispatch from Bombay, India:

Mohandas K. Gandhi, Indian Nationalist leader, ordered today that members of the All-India Congress should avoid public demonstrations in protests against Indian participation in the war.

Gandhi telegraphed Rajendra Prasad, former president of the Congress, that only police, not the public, should be notified when Congress leaders planned to invite arrest by threatening to make anti-war speeches.

The United Press publishes the following dispatch from Madras, India:

Raja Gopalachari, former head of the All-India Congress (Nationalist party) in Madras, was sentenced today to a year's imprisonment under the defense of India act for anti-war utterances.

With his imprisonment the prospects for an early solution of the Congress civil-resistance campaign receded. He was responsible for a resolution adopted by Congress executives at Poona offering Great Britain full coöperation if a national government was formed.

During his trial he admitted all charges against him and asserted:

"The British government dragged India into the war without asking her Legislature. In offering civil disobedience I am fulfilling my moral responsibility as a leader of the Assembly."

The New York *Times* publishes this story:

With bombs falling over Europe, a score of "survivors" of the peace ship sent across the Atlantic by Henry Ford in an effort to stop the first World War met at luncheon to mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of their unsuccessful mission.

Most of those attending the luncheon at the Hotel Gladstone, under the auspices of the Overseas Press Club, had sailed as newspaper correspondents. Mr. Ford was not present, but he sent a message in which he said:

"I do not hesitate to say I learned a great deal on that voyage which has helped me to understand other things that have occurred during these twenty-five years and it seems to me that with the oceans full of warships we can afford to remember that there was once a peace ship. At least we who sailed in 1915 did not decrease the life or love that was in the world."

Mme. Rosika Schwimmer, leader of the expedition, set forth her conviction that the voyage of the peace ship had been "a perfect success," despite the "misrepresentations" of the reporters and the abrupt departure of Mr. Ford from the party at Oslo. Mme. Schwimmer said Mr. Ford had been "kidnapped" by members of his own staff.

The War Resisters International, of London, England, announces an appeal for a fund of 10,000 pounds in memory of the late George Lansbury, to "carry on his work in his spirit until the day when the peoples of the world discover that he was right and make an end of war." The appeal is issued over the name of Lawrence Housman, Chairman. Contributions may be sent to the office of the W. R. I. at 11 Abbey Road, Enfield, Middlesex, England.

The *Christian Century* publishes the following report:

City committees for counseling conscientious objectors have recently been set up in Rochester, New York, and Lockport, New York. South Carolina Baptists were urged to set up such an advisory service at their recent state convention.

The *Christian Century* publishes the following item:

"The eight theological students sentenced to prison for refusing to register for the draft are doing more to defend the essential democratic ideals of America" than all our armed forces, Henry Hitt Crane, pastor of Central Methodist Church, Detroit, told several hundred persons attending the Michigan State College conference on adult education at Lansing.

The *Conscientious Objector,* New York, in a special dispatch from Washington, describes three types of projects which have been established for the handling of conscientious objectors under the Conscription Act. These projects, under the direction of Paul Comly French, a Quaker pacifist, are as follows:

CO's who are assigned to type one projects will work under such agencies as the Public Health Service, the Forestry Service and similar agencies. They will probably receive the minimum conscript's pay, $21 a month.

In type two projects the government would supply jobs to be done in forestry, conservation or similar fields, in many cases would provide barracks, and would provide technical experts under whose supervision the actual work would be done. The government would also probably pay $21 a month towards the support of each CO engaged in the projects. Religious agencies would supply the camp director and his staff, who would be responsible for the total program.

Type three projects would be entirely supervised and financed by religious agencies able to make such provision for their CO's. They would be entirely responsible for the projects and would have to bear the whole cost. It is not likely that central agencies would be able to bear the entire cost of the work and the individual CO and other interested persons and groups will need to share in the support of these projects.

The *Herald-Tribune,* New York, publishes this dispatch from Cambridge, Massachusetts:

A group of Harvard students announced today the formation of a new peace group, the Harvard Committee Against Military Intervention in Europe, and listed Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr., son of the American Ambassador to Great Britain, as one of its members.

In a statement announcing formation of the new organization, the committee said: "Since, contrary to the assertions of the Committee for Militant Aid to Britain, there is every reason to believe that America is not now at war, it is incumbent upon us to consider the possibility of remaining at peace."

Correspondence

Methuselah and the Bible

Editor of UNITY:

You express surprise at the prominence given in the press to the discovery that Methuselah lived only 192 years instead of 969. The explanation of the value of this discrepancy as news lies in the fact that if the Bible is found to be inaccurate regarding the longevity of the patriarchs, it can no longer be regarded as the infallible Word of God and it therefore loses its authority for any phenomena not confirmed by other sources.

If Methuselah did not live 969 years, there may have been no Jehovah, Lord God Almighty, who created the universe in six days, made woman from man's rib, condemned mankind for the fall of Adam and Eve, performed miracles, advised spoiling the Egyptians, destroyed His chosen people for trivial offenses, handed the Ten Commandments to Moses and sent His only begotten Son to save the world from His own wrath.

If Methuselah did not live 969 years, Jesus may not have lived for 30 years. He may not have been born of a virgin as the Christ-child in the manger to whom wise men were guided by the Star of Bethlehem. He may not have been the Messiah, or have been tempted by the Devil, or have celebrated the Jewish passover as the Last Supper. He may not have walked on the water, or stilled the storm, or turned water into wine, or fed the multitude, or healed the sick, or raised the dead. It would be no news to readers of UNITY to find these Bible stories merely allegories, but to the majority of Christians it would mean a revolution in their religious beliefs.

If Methuselah did not live for 969 years, and if therefore each individual is entitled to decide which of the Bible stories are true, it may be that Jesus did not curse the fig tree, or cast out devils, or destroy 2,000 swine, or condemn the rich and unbelievers to a fiery hell, or predict the end of the world in his generation, or that he would sit on the right hand of God to judge the world. He may not have claimed to be one with God; he may not have promised that God would answer prayers offered in His name.

If Methuselah did not live 969 years, it is possible that Jesus did not live as the Christ; that he was not the Prince of Peace, or Son of God, or son of man. He may have said "Resist evil," which would have been just as consistent as "Resist not evil." He may not have preached the Sermon on the Mount. For none of these events and sayings has any better authority than that Methuselah lived 969 years; none is more authentic; none is confirmed by secular history or by scientific research.

A person need not be as old as Methuselah to discover that the Bible presents more erroneous information concerning God and the universe than any other serious book. From Genesis to Revelation it is replete with stories of events that never occurred and with creatures that never existed, such as angels, archangels, devils, cherubim, seraphim, witches, wizards, satyrs, unicorns, cockatrices, fiery serpents, dragons, horses of fire, leviathans, behemoths and gods. It expounds a plan for man's salvation here and hereafter that is untenable; it gives preference to the supernatural over the natural, to faith in what is not so, to hope for what can never be and with little charity for those Humanists who seek the Truth.

WILLIAM FLOYD,
Editor of the *Arbitrator*.

New York City.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 130)

he personally carried India's fraternal greetings. He flew to Czechoslovakia and witnessed its tragedy. He denounced the policies that led to Munich. Japan came in for a severe indictment from him for her aggressions in China. He decried the closing of the Burma Road, and hailed its reopening. He visited China as Chiang Kai-shek's personal guest and was accorded a reception such as is seldom given to a foreign visitor. He has kept a sympathetic, but critical eye upon the developments in Russia. He admires the Russian campaign against illiteracy, but has never been a blind partisan of everything Soviet. As a patriot Nehru fights for India's freedom, he tells us, for he cannot tolerate an alien domination, but even more so because for Nehru the non-violent socialist, that is the only way to end the grinding poverty of India's down-trodden millions. And this democrat fights for liberty that a new world may be born.

Nehru is a man of great intellectual attainments. He is the author of several books, but the two that have earned him world wide reputation are his *Autobiography*, and *Glimpses of World History*. The *Autobiography* was begun in jail, and finished there years ago in his abundant leisure time. It has gone through 18 printings in Europe, already, and has been translated into several languages. It is a great human document. Its author reveals himself as a man of wide culture, rare sensitivity, refinement and depth of feeling, but more than that, as a man of extraordinarily human qualities. And if India means anything at all, this book, said a wise critic, is indispensable. We note with pleasure that John Day Company is bringing it out in this country in February. *Glimpses of World History* is comprised of letters originally written over a period of years by Nehru from prison to his daughter, Indira.

Steadily for years before this war, the Indian National Congress had been solemnly warning Great Britain that in any future war Congress would resist the draining of India's resources without the free consent of her people. Nehru is generally credited with being the author of this policy. Britain ignored this warning and declared India belligerent immediately upon her own entry into war. Congress then issued another statement, of which also Nehru was the author. It called upon Britain to declare her war aims, and asserted once more India's right to frame her own constitution. For over a year Congress patiently awaited Britain's answer. And apparently the final answer came in the Viceroy's offer of August 8th, 1940. Nehru's reaction to this offer was quick. For him the addition of a few members to the Viceroy's council meant less than nothing from the viewpoint of any power being transferred to the people. The War Advisory Council would merely "listen to good advice from time to time, and act as recruiting sergeants." That much for during the war. And after that, "a noble company of bejewelled maharajahs, belted knights, European industrialists and commercial magnates, big landlords and Indian industrialists, representatives of the Imperial services, and a few common mortals will meet. A pretty pattern this assembly will produce, with a flower for every vested interest and feudal relic, and the background of British Imperialism. We shall call this Dominion Status, so that everyone will be pleased." That, in brief, represents Nehru's reaction to the latest British offer. Thus matters stood three months ago. And meanwhile, daily repressions and indignities continued in India. And the following gives a clue to Nehru's feelings not long before his arrest: "If the past had not been there to bear witness, the present would have made us come to this final decision. Even in this present of war and peril, there is no change in the manner of treatment accorded to our people by British imperialism. Let those who seek the favor and protection of this imperialism go their way. We go ours. The parting of the ways has come." And Nehru's way led him to jail.

The British Government in India being constituted as it is, and Nehru being constituted as he is, he cannot possibly keep away from jail for long. But during the past year Gandhi and Nehru have been striving harder than ever to avoid the clash. They had no desire to embarrass Britain in her hour of peril. They have been restraining some of their more indignant followers. "We had no desire," says Nehru, "to encourage the Nazi rulers in any way. We who had suffered as a subject people knew well what their domination would mean for others." But as far back as May 24th, Nehru warned that India could not be expected to sit idly by during the war, if her honour demanded a protest. And when Indians were treated as hostile people, they could not be expected, for fear of consequences, to help maintain the British Empire. After the fall of France Nehru even induced Congress, against Gandhi's advice, to abandon non-violence in the case of foreign aggression. Yet the government did not rise to the occasion to take advantage of this concession. Instead, new repressions closed the door to coöperation. But even then mass civil disobedience was not launched. Nor did Congress actually interfere with war preparations. Material aid from India flowed uninterrupted and in increased volume. Gandhi asked the Viceroy for the mere right to explain the Congress attitude and to preach non-violence. In this he asked for the right to preach what for him is the very principle of his being. He asked virtually for that right of free speech still enjoyed by Englishmen in England. And that right was denied in India. And on moral grounds Gandhi was forced to take up the challenge. He selected Nehru for the test. So Nehru is in jail.

India Today (New York).